

Richmond Times-Dispatch

THE TIMES-DISPATCH
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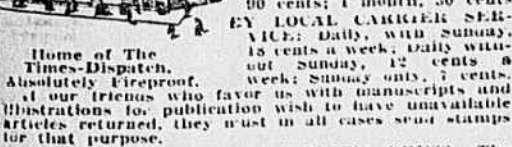
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1918.



To the Socialists the police always have been "the uniformed hirelings of Capitalism and Despotism." But the Socialists in New York the other night, when soldiers began to be attentive to them, sought those same hirelings with squeals of terror and accepted their protection with abject protestations of thankfulness.

All girls passing through the station at Newark, N. J., with point and powder on their faces are seized by the policemen and scrubbed until they look like the respectable young women most of them doubtless are. The chief of police says he is acting under the common law, which is a most appropriate weapon against a habit that is common in every sense of the word.

Berlin is turning the tables and telling on Bavaria. The world is informed that liberal peace terms would have been offered to the allies last spring but for the objection of the King of Bavaria, who insisted on a small slice of Alsace-Lorraine for himself. This illustrates precisely Aesop's fable of the dog with meat in his mouth that went after the dog with meat he saw in a pool, with drowning as the consequence of the enterprise.

In forty-seven years the Germans who flocked into Alsace and held all the official positions failed to establish kindly social relations with the native inhabitants. Arrogance and brutality could not cow hate nor win even the appearance of friendship. Consequently, even those of the intruders who had become sincerely attached to their adopted country are compelled to leave—some of them, we are told, in tears. They find themselves outcasts, and seem to be unable to comprehend why.

American prisoners of war returning from Darmstadt report that they were bullied, beaten and spit upon by civilians while doing cruelly hard work on the roads with short rations. A thoroughly satisfactory settlement of this little account could be secured by putting these men in good condition and permitting them to return, seek their tormentors and wipe out the debt individually. If we understand the average American soldier, he would be willing to delay his return home some weeks for the enjoyment of that ideal luxury.

If there is to be no censoring of news from the peace conference, and President Wilson has said it, why is it necessary that every official communication to the press must pass through the hands of Mr. Creel? Mr. Creel's advance party of five assistants and thirty clerks already is on the job, and a twenty-room house has been secured as the scene of his future activities. These seem rather elaborate preparations if there is to be a free and unrestricted flow of news. But perhaps it was only meant that there was to be no censoring of the news after Mr. Creel had doled out to the correspondents what he thinks it proper for them to have.

Altered national circumstances do not alter the quality of a man's patriotism or change the character of his teachings. If Senator La Follette was guilty of disloyalty while his country was at war, he is equally guilty now that the war is over, for there is no evidence that his mind and heart have undergone any change. The country believed that his St. Paul speech was disloyal, and certainly many Senators were of the same opinion. But the Senate refused to press the charge against him, and with the advent of peace, it has been recommended for dismissal. The whole unsavory affair reflects no credit on the Senate, and La Follette is punished through his loss of prestige and influence just as surely as if he had been deprived of his toga.

While Virginia men are winning for her splendid and everlasting fame on the fields of France a gang of irresponsible roughnecks in Culpeper County who did not go to the front have brought disgrace upon her. They have broken her long and honorable record of allegiance to the law with an inexcusable and especially shameful lynching, done by stealth and lacking even the faint courage of the mob that makes open attack. The stain on the State's name can be wiped out just in one way. That is by speedy and relentless pursuit and prosecution of the offenders. The responsibility for doing or not doing this lies on the Governor, the judge of the circuit and

the Commonwealth's attorney of the county. Let us hope for examples of official courage and vigor and avoidance of the pitiable pretense of effort to vindicate the law that usually follows a lynching in which some voters or friends of voters are supposed to have participated.

Get Big Men and Pay Them Well

SUCCESS of Richmond's new system of government is at stake. It depends absolutely on the character and business qualifications of the men who shall be chosen to fill the four directorships provided under the amended charter. If they be men of big caliber, men of executive ability, men who will put Richmond's interests above all other considerations, then the system will work as its designers framed it to work. If the positions be filled with incompetents, or from the ranks of the petty politicians, then at the very outset its failure will be ordained.

The greatest possible danger to success would be municipal parsimony. In fact, it would be fatal. Big jobs have been created, big men are required to fill them, and big salaries are mandatory if the big men are to be secured. There is the situation, and in face of it the City Council seems inclined to haggle over the salaries that are to be paid. Apparently it hopes to get the big men for cheap pay. That will not do. Richmond wants no charity. If the right men take the jobs they must not be expected to sacrifice their personal interests, their time and their labors, receiving niggardly sums in return. Richmond is well able to pay for what it gets, and only in that way will it get what it wants. Its citizens would resent the sorry spectacle it would make if it went about with its hat held out seeking high-class service for low-class remuneration.

Just as an instance, take the case of Dr. Ennon Williams, said to be the Mayor's selection for Director of Public Welfare. There is a big man for a big job. The work of that directorship is vitally important to Richmond, and Dr. Williams is as capable of discharging his responsibilities as any man in this or any other State. Yet the city may be compelled to forego his efficient services because the Council would limit the salary to \$5,000. Perhaps the public-spirited Dr. Williams would be willing to make the sacrifice, but it should not be demanded or expected of him. Neither should the people consent to having the place filled by a man of less talent.

Who is there that can fill the Directorship of Public Safety as it should be filled and feel that he is being adequately paid at \$5,000 a year? There are many who want the job and would regard the \$5,000 as a princely sum compared with what their abilities now permit them to earn, but the man who can fill it as it must be filled perhaps can earn many times that sum in private life. Shall Richmond entreat such a man to accept the position, taking a fractional part of his pay in cash and the remainder in honor and glory? No! Richmond has not reached that beggarly stage.

There is but one wise, soundly economic course. Let the Mayor pick out the biggest and best-trained men he can find. Let him not hamper himself by worry over what the city will pay. When the right men are found he will have done his duty before the people and all that can be asked of him. Then it will be up to the Council to make the positions pay salaries sufficiently large to hold the Mayor's selections. Responsibility before Richmond will be upon it. If it refuses, showing a predilection for little men and little salaries, it will have to answer for the failure, which will send the new system of government to the scrap heap.

Mr. Secretary Glass

THE appointment of Representative Carter Glass, of Virginia, to the post of Secretary of the Treasury is one certain to create widespread approval throughout the country. In selecting him President Wilson has chosen a man peculiarly qualified for the tremendous task that confronts him. As chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, Mr. Glass was largely instrumental in framing the Federal Reserve act, under which the financial system of the government and of the country has expanded with marvelous ease to meet the unprecedented demands of the war. Always in close harmony and contact with Mr. McAdoo, the Virginian will have no difficulty in carrying forward policies that have been tested out under the strain of the past eighteen months.

It is a big job, and one that will call for ability, conscientiousness and vision. The United States emerges from the war the creditor nation of the world. The financial focus is no longer in London, but in New York. The extent to which this country can retain the advantages it has gained will depend largely on the extent to which the government's financial policies, germinated at the Treasury, are sound. It is a vast and delicate machinery which the new secretary is called upon to direct. Nor can he tie himself absolutely to the course laid down by his predecessor. It will be his task, among others, to carry the government, part way at least, back to the basis of expenditures obtaining before the war. The more fact that the interest charges on our war loan will of themselves aggregate approximately \$800,000,000 a year is evidence sufficient that we can never hope to get back to the "billion-a-year" basis of government expenditure which we thought so extravagant a few years back. So that while the extraordinary measures of raising revenue during the recent emergency may in most instances be dispensed with in a reasonably short time, it is for the new secretary to work out a basis of permanent taxation that will be ample without being oppressive. Enjoying, as he so completely does, the confidence of his colleagues in Congress, Mr. Glass will have the promise, no doubt, of hearty co-operation from the legislative branch.

All Yellow

NEVER in all history has the world been forced to witness a spectacle more loathsome than that of the arch-plotters of imperial Germany scurrying to cover. For four long years, with blasphemous lying, these spokesmen for Potsdam sought incessantly to convince the world, as well as their own people, that it was the entente that forced Europe into the throes of this terrible war by rejecting at every stage the efforts of the Kaiser to avert the crisis. Now, in the hour of their defeat, confounded by their lies, face to face with a reckoning, cringing now and afraid, they turn treacherously upon their accomplices in crime. The government of Austria-Hungary, they now say, was respon-

sible. Harken to the words of one of them, quoted in the Deutsche Zeitung, of Berlin. "We did, in fact, consider that, with the crime of Sarajevo, Austria-Hungary's hour of destiny had struck. We did not prompt Austria-Hungary to her action, but expressly advised her against it. The Vienna ultimatum, which we considered too severe, was communicated to us too late for an endeavor to mitigate it."

And from whom comes this new tale, designed to relieve the imperial German government of all blame? It comes from Dr. Alfred Zimmerman, former Secretary of Foreign Affairs at Berlin, and author of the infamous plot to involve the United States, then a neutral, in war with Mexico and Japan!

Say what you will about ex-Kaiser Karl, he is not a quitter. Instead of seeking refuge in Holland, he remains in Austria, and has shielded his hat into the political ring with the announcement of his candidacy for the presidency of the new Austrian republic. If he were not of the house of Hapsburg he might have a chance to garner in enough votes to elect him, but the people will hardly trust their newly won liberties to any one even remotely connected with that degenerate dynasty.

What is "the British Labor party?" It can hardly represent the same working people of Great Britain in its demand for indorsement of the Bolsheviks. We cannot imagine that anybody there really wants riot, murder, pillage, the seizure of girls, universal ruin, starvation and misery such as have been brought on Russia.

If the allies succeed in getting possession of the person of the Kaiser, as assuredly they will, it will not matter much as to the number and legality of his "abdications." They will see to it that he is placed beyond the possibility of disturbing the peace of either Germany or the world in the future.

The allies are not going to let the people of Germany starve, but they will have to be shown that they are really in danger of starvation before the destitute of their own populations are made to go hungry in order to increase the German ration.

Carranza is to decline re-election to the presidency of Mexico, according to late dispatches. Mr. Carranza may not be a profound statesman, but he knows enough to discern when crow-eating time approaches.

It was considerable of the clothing manufacturers to withhold until after Thanksgiving the announcement that women's wear will be more expensive next spring.

SEEN ON THE SIDE

BY HENRY EDWARD WARNER

Nowhere.
 In the beautiful Land of Nowhere.
 Where nothing is done
 Or ever begun.
 Where nobody cares for the morrow,
 Or dropping my dimes in a cup;
 Which has nothing of joy or of sorrow,
 Oh, nobody weeps or smiles there.
 In the wonderful Land of Nowhere!

There is sleep in the Land of Nowhere,
 But nobody dreams.
 Where the moonlight beams,
 And nobody wakes from the sleeping.
 Where the mystical shadows, creeping,
 Throw ethereal sounds to the still air
 In the beautiful Land of Nowhere.

There is love in the Land of Nowhere,
 Unstung by the thorn
 Of the waking morn,
 And hearts joined know nothing of parting—
 Love's elixir all from nothing are starting;
 And Love is a bliss that the gods share
 In the rapturous Land of Nowhere!

No death blights the Land of Nowhere,
 But joy jewels grace
 On each shadowy face
 That lives in the bowers unending
 Of love, life and kisses all blending;
 As far as the day is the night fair
 In the never-gloomed Land of Nowhere!

In the beautiful Land of Nowhere
 Where nothing is done
 Or ever begun.
 Where nobody cares for the morrow,
 For tears or for smiles or for sorrow—
 O would that my spirit might fly there,
 To the wonderful Land of Nowhere!

Chaucer's Epithet's Daily Thought.
 "Hil ain no great diffunce if a man git t'
 Heaven by payin' or ridin' a pass," said Chaucer
 Epithet in a mood, "but de fellah dat pay
 he was suttlingly gwine t' enjoy de show most
 est belive me! Tve a pickie, Mistah Jackson."

Speaking of love, a man doesn't need any
 assistance to make a fool of himself.

That Yearning.
 "Wouldn't you love to be a child again?"
 "Yea! But! Unt' after Christmas!"

Help!
 Mr. Kaiser, formerly Hohenzollern—or the
 other way around—anyhow the Big Boob of
 Europe, declines to be interviewed, saying:
 "I would like to send a message to the public
 of America, where I have many friends, but—
 Murder! If that old, maniacal, murderous,
 cutthroat son-of-a-gun has any friends in
 America, let's start decorating our lamp posts
 with 'em!"

Introspection.
 Sometimes, when I have nothing else to do,
 I say to Me: "What do I think of you?"
 And looking in the deep look of my chest,
 But after prodding deep as I can dig,
 Finding so little that is really big,
 I turn to fussing at Me like the Dutch,
 And mutter to Me, angrily: "NOT MUCH!"

Sure Thing!
 "And so you are converted to the doctrine of
 transmigration of the soul? I didn't know
 you were a faddist!"
 "No, not, but I just gotta hang onto this
 transmigration stuff. It's the only way I can
 figure out what's going to become of an end-
 stage hog after he's dead."

If We Only Knew.
 If we only knew what the others know
 Who have trod life's path to the evening dew
 And the solemn dark of the closing Night—
 If we only knew!

If we only knew, on the waking morn
 Where the broad path leads, where the roses
 strew,
 Or the rocky road and the piercing thorn—
 If we only knew!

If we only knew, were it weal or woe,
 Were it joy or pain in the parting view
 Of the things that are, as the soul takes flight—
 If we only knew!

Health Talks, by Dr. Wm. Brady

Spots Before the Eyes.
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A novice gazing into a microscope for the first time sees all sorts of spots or things that are to all intents not noticed by the experienced user of the instrument. With experience one learns to disregard these spots or defects and in time they are scarcely noticed though undoubtedly present.

Similar spots or muscae volitantes, as we doctors call them, after our w. k. fashion of applying a frightful name to a trifling condition, are no doubt constantly floating before our eyes, and we can even see them if we strive to do so. Certain individuals do see them without striving to do so, and are considerably worried about it.

Persons whose eyes are sensitive or over-fatigued are likely to notice these spots. Persons whose eyes are sensitive or over-fatigued are likely to notice these spots. Persons whose eyes are sensitive or over-fatigued are likely to notice these spots.

There is a normal blind spot in the field of vision. This is in the place where the optic nerve enters the eye and fans out over the retina. If you close the left eye and fix the right eye on a large dot made some three inches from the left eye and toward the face while bringing the paper slowly toward the face while you still steadily regard the left dot, the right eye will disappear at a certain point, which is precisely where the light from it falls on the blind spot in the retina.

Besides color blindness, beginning cataract in advance of these spots or muscae volitantes; patients complain of seeing many lights where there is really but one light. This is especially common after a severe attack of scotoma. Any one, even in perfect health, may see things on suddenly rising or when turning a corner for the first time in years.

Questions and Answers.
 A Sweet Tooth.—I have lost all sorts of sweet things, am forty-four years old, and have always eaten freely of sweets. I am inclined to think that these sweets cause Bright's disease. What is your opinion about it? Could honey be as injurious as sugar?

Answer.—There is no reason to believe that sweet foods cause Bright's disease. M. F. P. is that honey and cane, maple or corn syrup are equally nutritious, and equally harmless in moderation.

Moving Into Vacated Apartments.—Last week a member of our family died of influenza. We can obtain the apartments on very advantageous terms, but would it be safe under the health laws in force here to move into the premises would make such apartments safe for occupancy?

Answer.—Ordinary soap and water cleaning and an ordinary ventilation of the apartments will render them quite safe to occupy, no matter how long they have been closed. If the premises are really soiled with filth, they should be repainted.

And ex-rulers of states
 And thousands of once regal sobs,
 I don't want to bump into Ferdinand
 Selling lead pencils and laces.

And said Constantine,
 With his peasant machine:
 I'm weary of seeing their faces.
 I don't mind subscribing to charity,
 Or dropping my dimes in a cup;
 But I've got no hoochie
 To spend on a noodle.

Who's tried to crimp me with a Krupp,
 I don't care for Charlie of Austria;
 I'm sort of exclusive that way.
 He can sell overboard at Westbury
 For twenty-five years,
 And not get a bit of my pay.

I don't want to travel in Switzerland,
 The ill-dodge all the beggars and bums.
 I'll do my sightseeing
 Among human beings.
 I never cared much for the slums.

The Kaiser was fortunate in one way. When he entered Holland he didn't have to listen to any long, tedious addresses of welcome.

"Frank Jones made a trip to Barcoz with a lot of this week," Maine paper. Still they call that a dry State.

Says a western paper, "There is no better known name in this country than that of William H. Taft."

At a recent wedding a man in the assemblage who had been married five times and who had been married five times and who had been married five times.

Lubovska, the Russian impressionistic dancer, is convinced that America will be the art center of the world in the future, and that the dancing will go extremely well here. Maybe, but we won't stand for the old knockabout team, Lenine and Trotsky, in vaudeville.

Around the Old Peace Table.
 If everybody who wants a seat gets one the table will hold 182 feet long.
 Twenty or thirty will have to wait for the second table.

The postmaster has not been formally chosen. He will not be until the afternoon.
 Guns must be checked in the afternoon.
 Mexico must be satisfied with a hand-out at the altar door.

Leon Trotsky will not be asked to fill in on who lost it.
 The army of Austria will not attend leaning upon the arm of the All Highest.
 It will be considered a faux pas to grab for anything.

Everybody will be helped in turn.
 The question: "Who won the war?" will not be discussed.
 There will be no objection to any one telling telling who lost it.

It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret because her husband is always so anxious to hear all the gossip.

When a good many things seem to be going to the how-ows as fast as they can, it is pleasant to know that Enrico continues on the even tenor of his way.

They say ex-Empress Charles of Austria, has no food or clothes. He evidently forgot to lay something aside for an unregiment day.

News of Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond Dispatch, Dec. 7, 1868.)

The argument on the motion to quash the indictment against Mr. Davis was concluded in the United States Circuit Court yesterday. It. H. Davis, of Boston, made the closing argument for the government and Charles O'Connor, of New York, for the defendant. Court adjourned to the morning, when a decision will probably be delivered.

A lot of heavy ordnance cast by Joseph R. Anderson & Co. and used in the defense of Wilmington during the war, has been purchased by the Tredegar Company, and is now being brought back to this city as material for iron-making—casting swords into plowshares, as it were.

A letter, addressed "To My Dear Grandma, Richmond, Va.," and postmarked in Lynchburg, was received in the Richmond post-office yesterday.

Major T. H. Stanton, paymaster for this military district, returned to the city yesterday and disbursed a large sum of greenbacks to the officers of the army stationed at and near this post. To-day will be the privates' pay day.

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